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11

BLACK HOOD

SUMMER

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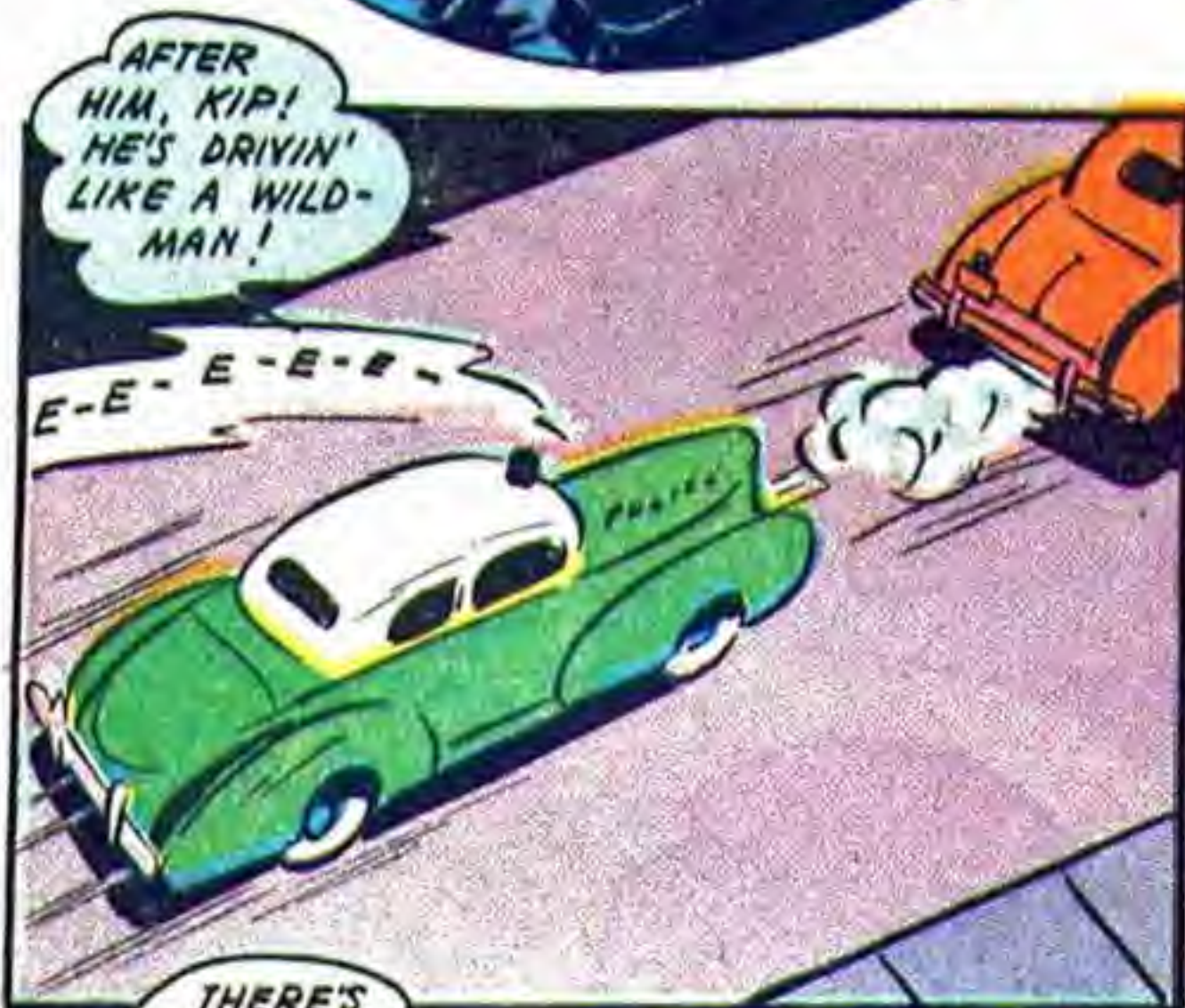
Black Hood

MAN of MYSTERY



TALE
OF THE
TERRIBLE
TRUNK

HARRY SHORTEN-EDITOR





OKAY, WISE GUY. LET'S SEE YER LICENSE!

CERTAINLY OFFICER!



YEAH! MOVE ASIDE, FATTY. THIS TRUNK AIN'T NO FEATHER!



WILL YOU PLEASE GIVE ME MY SPEEDING TICKET AND LET ME GO! I'M IN A GREAT HURRY, SERGEANT!



DROP THAT TRUNK LOUD MOUTH. I GOT PLENTY TO TELL THIS GUY!



OWW!

OKAY BY US!



MY CORN! YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE YOU!! 6#6



JUST LET ME GET MY HANDS ON YOU! I'LL TEAR YOU LIMB FROM LIMB!



HERE! LET
ME GIVE YOU
A HAND WITH
THAT TRUNK!

THANKS,
OFFICER. I
ASSURE YOU I'LL
DRIVE A LOT
MORE CAREFULLY
GOING BACK!



FRANK PRIESTLY,
THE MILLIONAIRE,
RISKING HIS NECK
JUST FOR AN OLD
TRUNK AT AN AUCTION!
I DON'T GET IT!



I FIXED
THOSE GORILLAS!
WHERE'S THE
SPEED DEMON?

I GAVE
HIM THE TICKET,
SARGE, AND HE
LEFT!



SAY! HOW'D
YOU CUT YOUR
HAND, KIP?

I
DIDN'T
KNOW I DID!



HEY! I'VE GOT
NO CUT ON MY
HAND! WHERE'D
THIS BLOOD
COME FROM,
THEN?



HOLY COW!
MAYBE...

MAYBE
WHAT,
KIP?



I WANT TO ASK
THAT AUCTIONEER
A FEW QUESTIONS,
SARGE!

SAY! WHAT'S
GOT INTO YE!



I'M VERY CURIOUS ABOUT THAT TRUNK FRANK PRIESTLY BOUGHT!

OH! SO THE DETECTIVE BUGS BIT YOU AGAIN! BOY, YOU'RE THE LIMIT!



YOU'RE THE AUCTIONEER WHO SOLD A TRUNK TO MR. PRIESTLY, AREN'T YOU?

SURE! SO WHAT?



WHO DID THAT TRUNK BELONG TO? AND WHAT WAS IN IT?

IT BELONGED TO A MR. JOHN BAILEY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT WAS IN IT 'CAUSE PRIESTLY INSISTED ON BUYIN' IT CON-TENTS UNSEEN!



AND WHO AM I TO ARGUE WITH A GUY WHO'S CRAZY ENOUGH TO BID \$6000 FOR AN OLD CRUMMY TRUNK!



\$5000 FOR THAT TRUNK! HAMM... QUEER, HUH SARGE!

SO WHAT! IF YE WENT AROUND AR-RESTIN' EVERYBODY WHO ACTED QUEER, THERE WOULDN'T BE ENOUGH JAILS!



KIP! YE CAN'T MAKE PRIESTLY SHOW YE HIS TRUNK WITHOUT A SEARCH WARRANT!

I KNOW THAT SARGE. BUT MAYBE PRIESTLY DOESN'T!



WELL, GOOD EVENING GENTLEMEN!

HELLO, MR. PRIESTLY!

THAT TRUNK
YOU BOUGHT AT
THE AUCTIONEERS!
WE WANT TO SEE
WHAT'S IN IT!

THAT'S A
STRANGE REQUEST!
I DON'T HAVE TO
SHOW IT TO YOU,
YOU KNOW!

BUT I
SEE NO HARM
IN IT. FOLLOW
ME!

THERE IT
IS! HELP
YOURSELF!

NOTHING
BUT A LOT
OF JUNK!

OF COURSE!
WHAT DID
YOU THINK!

NOW ARE
YOU SATISFIED,
SMART GUY!

I'LL
BE..

THEN HOW DID
I GET THIS BLOOD
ON MY HAND?

OH THAT! I CUT
MYSELF LIFTING
THAT TRUNK. THEN
WHEN I SHOOK YOUR
HAND, I MUST HAVE
SMEARED YOU WITH MY
BLOOD!

MEANWHILE, KIP BURLAND DOES A STRANGE THING.
STEALTHILY REMOVING THE BADGE HE OPENS THE
CLASP, MOVES UP TO PRIESTLY AND JABS THE POINT
INTO THE LATTER'S HAND...



OUTSIDE

I THINK IT'S
TIME FOR THE **BLACK
HOOD** TO PAY MR
PRIESTLY A VISIT!



AH! HERE'S
THE CORPSE!



AT THAT MOMENT IN PRIESTLY'S
CELLAR, A PECULIAR SCENE
IS BEING ENACTED.



NOW TO DESTROY
THE BODY
COMPLETELY
AND I'M IN THE
CLEAR!



ONLY ONE
THING STOPPING
YOU, PRIESTLY—
THE **BLACK
HOOD**!



THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK,
HOOD!



MEDDLER! I DON'T
KNOW HOW YOU FOUND
OUT! BUT YOU WON'T
TALK!





BUT BEFORE THE
AVALANCHE OF COAL
HURTLES FROM
THE CHUTE, THE
HOOD ROLLS DEX-
TEROUSLY TO ONE
SIDE AND...

OOF!

PRIESTLY, HIMSELF
IS TOPPLED IN THE PATH
OF THE BLACK FLOOD!

HELP!
UGH!

KIP BURLAND!
WHERE'VE YOU
BEEN GALLIVANTIN'
AROUND?

LATER

I HOPE I
WAS ABLE TO
CLOSE UP THAT
CHUTE IN TIME!

HIYA, SARGE!
I BROUGHT
YOU COMPANY!

OUR OLD
FRIEND MR.
PRIESTLY!
REMEMBER
HIM!

OWooo! ARE
YOU STILL AFTER
HIM FER SOME
CRIME YOU
DREAMED UP!

WELL, HERE'S
A DREAM THAT'S
GOING TO DO
SOME TALKING
SARGE! GIVE!

ALL RIGHT! THE GAME'S UP
ANYHOW! IT ALL STARTED YES-
TERDAY IN MY EX-PARTNER,
MR. BAILEY'S HOUSE! WE WERE
QUARRELING VIOLENTLY....

YOU SWINDLED ME OUT OF MY SHARE IN THE BUSINESS, PRIESTLY, AND I'M GOING TO THE POLICE ABOUT IT! I'VE GOT ENOUGH PROOF TO HANG YOU!

BAILEY, YOU'RE A STUPID FOOL! I ONLY TOOK YOU IN AS A PARTNER BECAUSE I NEEDED YOUR MONEY!



BUT NOW THE BUSINESS IS ALL MINE AND IT'S GOING TO STAY THAT WAY!

PRIESTLY! DON'T.... UGH!



I HIT HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN. WHEN I WAS SURE HE WAS DEAD, I DECIDED TO RIFLE THROUGH HIS ROOM AND MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A BURGLARY.

THEN I HEARD FOOTSTEPS. I BECAME PANIC. I LOOKED FOR A PLACE TO HIDE THE BODY. I SIGHTED BAILEY'S TRUNK...



I FIGURED I'D COME BACK WHEN THE COAST WAS CLEAR AND REMOVE THE TRUNK. BUT THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENED! BAILEY WAS BANKRUPT—AND HIS BELONGINGS WERE TAKEN AWAY TO BE AUCTIONED THE VERY NEXT DAY!



THAT'S THAT, SARGE.. ER.. WHAT WAS THAT YOU WERE SAYING ABOUT MY DUMB DETECTIVE THEORIES!



THE BLACK HOOD PUZZLE PAGE

JOE CLAPP.. NIGHT CLUB SINGER.. WAS MURDERED AT THE MICROPHONE.. ELECTROCUTED!! THIS IS A PHOTO TAKEN A MOMENT BEFORE CLAPP WAS ELECTROCUTED!! THE MAN ON THE LEFT IS BRONSON.. PART OWNER OF THE CLUB.. HE WAS BEING BLACKMAILED BY CLAPP... THE MAN ON THE RIGHT IS AL CLAPP... JOE'S BROTHER... JOE MARRIED AL'S FIANCEE AND THEY HAVE NEVER SPOKEN TO EACH OTHER SINCE... THE POLICE ARE HOLDING THEM BOTH ON SUSPICION.. WHO IS THE MURDERER ???



THE BLACK HOOD KNOWS!!! DO YOU??? JUST HOLD THIS PAGE BEFORE A MIRROR AND KNOW THE MURDERER!

JOE CLAPP WAS ELECTROCUTED BY AN ELECTRIC CURRENT WHICH AL CLAPP HAD RIGGED UP BY AN EXTRA WIRE LEADING TO THE WALL PLUG NEXT TO HIS TABLE... WITH THE BLACK HOOD'S AID THE POLICE CONVICTED BOTH PARTNERS OF CONSPIRING TO MURDER JOE CLAPP BECAUSE HE WAS TAKING OVER OWNERSHIP OF THE NIGHT CLUB THROUGH MONEY HE HAD LENT THEM AND WHICH THEY COULDN'T REPAY!!

The **BLACK HOOD**

**MAN
of
MYSTERY**

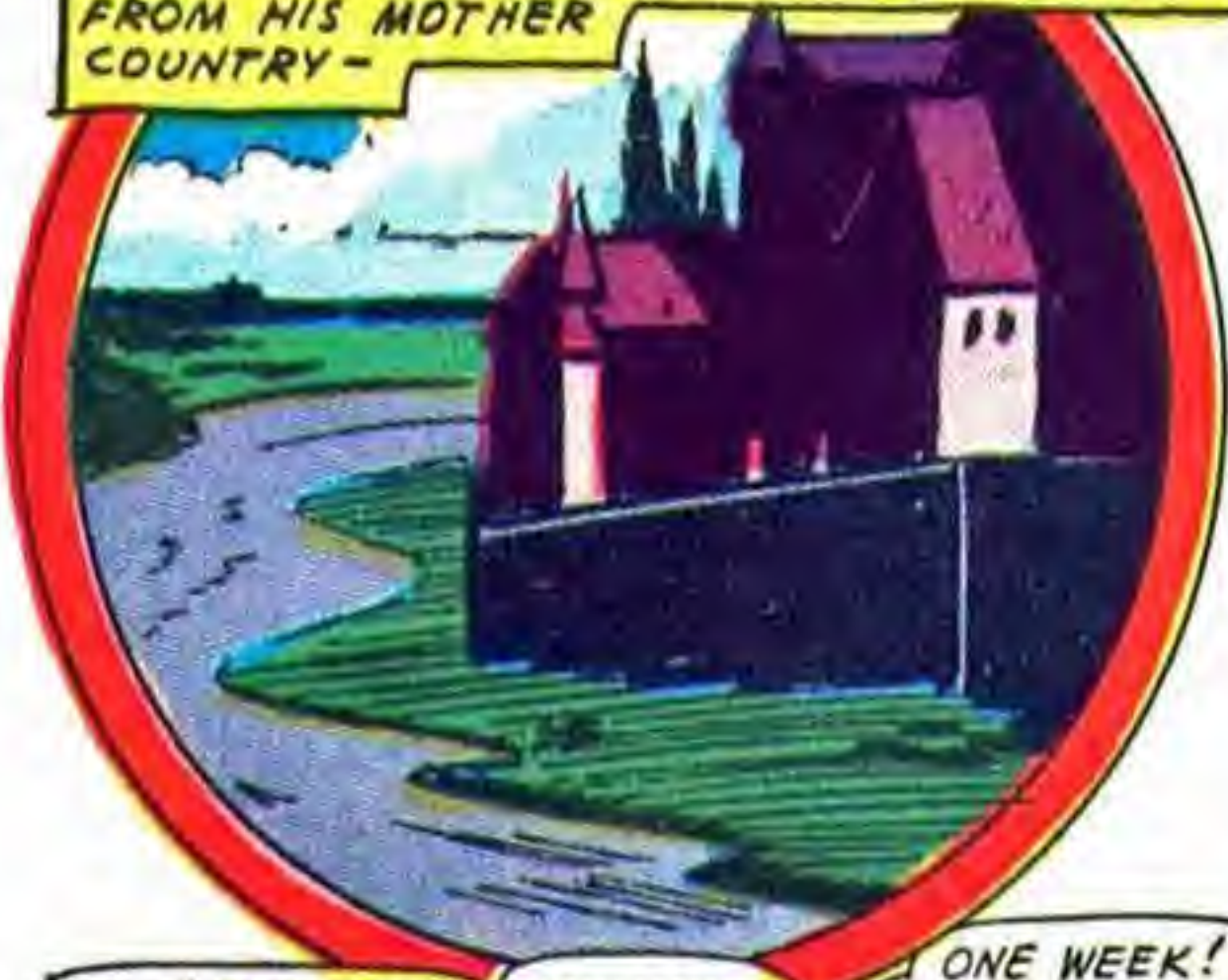
WHAT ARE CROOKS LIKE? THEY'RE EASY TO DESCRIBE... TOUGH AND VILLAINOUS AND LOW-BROWED... NO REGARD FOR THE FINER THINGS OF LIFE! BUT THE **CRIME BARON** WAS DIFFERENT! SOFTSPOKEN, GENTLE, CHIVALROUS WERE THE WORDS TO DESCRIBE HIM. BUT THE **BLACK HOOD** NEEDED MORE THAN WORDS TO MEET THE MENACE OF THE EXTRAORDINARY CRIMINAL WHO BECAME KNOWN, NOT WITHOUT JUSTICE, AS "**THE NOBLEMAN OF CRIME!**"



By **CLON**

1

OVERLOOKING A WIDE AND PEACEFUL COUNTRYSIDE IS THE PALATIAL ESTATE OF THE REFUGEE BARON HERVITZ, AN EXILE FROM HIS MOTHER COUNTRY -



AND HERE OUR STORY BEGINS -

YOU CAN'T PAY THE MORTGAGE! SO THE BANK WILL TAKE POSSESSION OF YOUR ESTATE!



ONLY THIS HOUSE REMAINS OF MY FORTUNE! I WOULD GIVE ANYTHING TO KEEP IT!

YOU HAVE ONE WEEK TO RAISE THE MONEY! I WISH YOU LUCK!



ONE WEEK! I COULD NOT RAISE THE MONEY IN A YEAR! WHAT SHALL I DO?



DAILY STAR
BANDITS ESCAPE WITH \$50,000 IN DARING ROBBERY

EVEN BANDITS MAKE MORE MONEY THAN I DO THESE DAYS!



HMM! A LIFE OF CRIME IS NO WORSE THAN POVERTY! MY ANCESTORS COLLECTED TRIBUTE FROM THE PEOPLE! IN MY OWN WAY, WHY CAN'T I DO THE SAME?



IN THE FOLLOWING DAYS, A STRANGE GROUP OF MEN FIND A HOME AT BARON HERVITZ' CASTLE -

NOW BEFORE WE PROCEED FURTHER, WE MUST FIND A SUITABLE TITLE FOR YOU!

I ALMOST GOT A TITLE ONCE! ONLY JOE LOUIS HIT ME WITH A RIGHT HAND AND....



I DON'T MEAN THAT
KIND OF A TITLE! NATURALLY
A MAN OF MY SOCIAL POSITION
MUST HAVE FRIENDS OF AN
EQUAL STATION IN LIFE! ...
SO YOU WILL BECOME
NOBLEMEN!



HENCEFORTH, YOU
SHALL BE KNOWN AS
THE DUKE OF FELONEE!

GEE, T'ANKS!
YOU'RE AN'FUL
GOOD TO ME!



AND YOU WILL
BE THE COUNT
OF KLEPTOMANIA!

GOSH! ME
MOTHER
WOULDA BEEN
PROUD O' ME!



THE EDUCATION OF "CRIME
BARON'S" NOBLEMEN BEGAN AT
ONCE!

NO! NO! YOU
SHOULD NEVER
BE HEARD
EATING SOUP!

OKAY, BARON!..
BUT HOW'LL DEY
KNOW I'M ENJOYIN'
MESELF?



CORRECT! YOU
SHOULD BOW
FROM THE
WAIST AND
KISS A LADY'S
HAND!

IF I DONE THIS
TO MAMIE, SHE'LL
CROWN ME WIT'
A BRICK!



CLOTHES (ON CREDIT, OF COURSE) ARE A PART
OF EVERY NOBLEMAN'S WARDROBE....

BE CERTAIN THAT
MY FRIEND, THE
DUKE, GETS
EVERYTHING HE
WANTS!



BUT OF COURSE,
MONSIEUR
LE BARON!

WHILE OUTSIDE, A PUZZLED KIP BURLAND
WATCHES -



I COULD SWEAR
THAT WAS MUGGER
MALONE IN THERE!
WHAT'S HE DOING
IN A SWANK STORE
LIKE THIS?

AFTER MUGGER MALONE DEPARTS, KIP BURLAND MAKES INQUIRIES—

YOU ARE MISTAKEN! THAT MAN WAS THE DUKE OF FELONEE! HE IS A PERSONAL FRIEND OF BARON HERVITZ!

YOU DON'T SAY!

I'D STAKE MY LIFE HE WAS MUGGER MALONE! THERE'S SOMETHING SCREWY ABOUT THIS! I'D BETTER LOOK INTO IT!

BUT THAT NIGHT THE CRIME BARON STRIKES!

I APOLOGIZE FOR THIS INTRUSION! WE HAVE COME FOR YOUR NECKLACE!

OH! ... JERVIS, CALL THE POLICE!

YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

SURE! FIRST I WRAP UP DIS BLACKJACK IN SILK, SO'S NOT TO CAUSE ANY UGLY LOOKIN' MARKS!

THEN I GIVES IT TO HIM! ONLY IT AIN'T CRUDE AND COMMON DIS WAY! DIS IS GOOD MANNERS!

A MOMENT LATER

I'VE GOT THE NECKLACE!

HEY, BARON! DE DAME FAINTED!

WHAT'LL WE DO?

THE FIRST CODE OF A NOBLEMAN IS CHIVALRY! BRING ME SOME SMELLING SALTS!



W-WHERE
AM I?

SAFE IN YOUR OWN HOME!
I AM TRULY SORRY TO HAVE
CAUSED YOU THIS INCONVENIENCE!



THIS GAG IS
MADE OF VELVET
AND WILL NOT
BRUISE YOUR MOUTH!

DESE ROPES ARE
VELVET TOO! NOTHIN'
BUT THE BEST FOR
WOMEN! DATS OUR
MOTTO!



AU REVOIR, MADAME!
I SHALL CALL THE
POLICE AS SOON AS
WE ARE SAFELY AWAY!
THEY WILL RELEASE
YOU!



BOY! DIS CHIVALRY
ANGLE PAYS OFF
BIG, EH BARON?

NATURALLY! A NOBLEMAN
OF THE OLD SCHOOL IS
WELCOME IN OUR BEST HOMES-
SO HE CAN LEARN THEIR
MOST VALUABLE...ER...
SECRETS!



BUT THE CRIME BARON DOES
NOT GO UNSEEN—

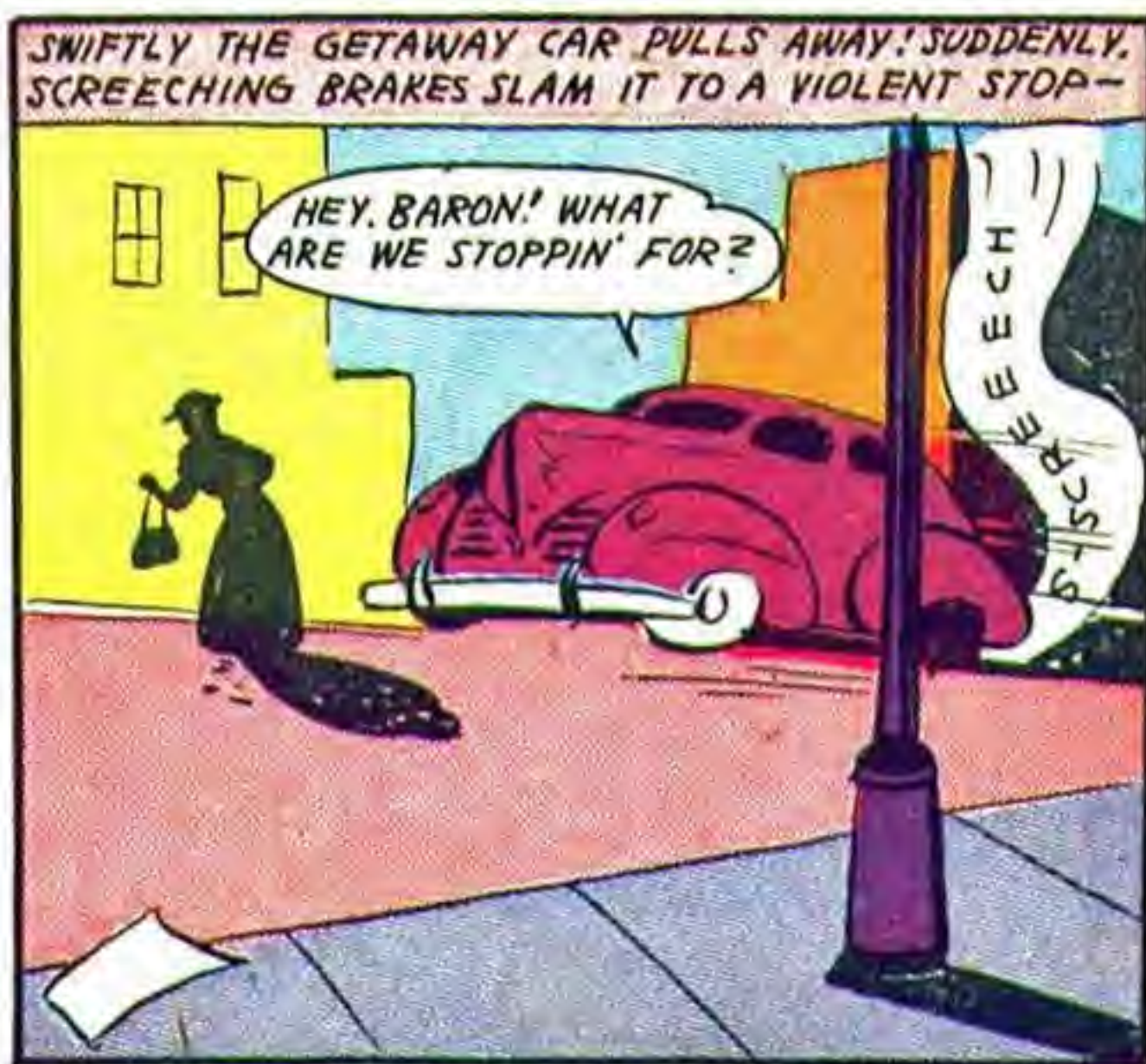
NOW I'M SURE THAT'S
MUGGER MALONE! WHO'S
THE MAN WITH HIM?



BUT HE'S GOT
THE RICHBILT
NECKLACE!



HEY BARON!
LOOK!





SOMETIME LATER, IN THE DUNGEON OF BARON HERVITZ CASTLE—

I HOPE YOU ENJOY YOUR SURROUNDINGS. I ADMIT THIS IS NOT A VERY PLEASANT SPOT TO FACE ... DEATH!



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?

PUNISH YOU! IN MY COUNTRY, A PEASANT WHO DISPLEASES HIS NOBLE MASTER IS EXECUTED!

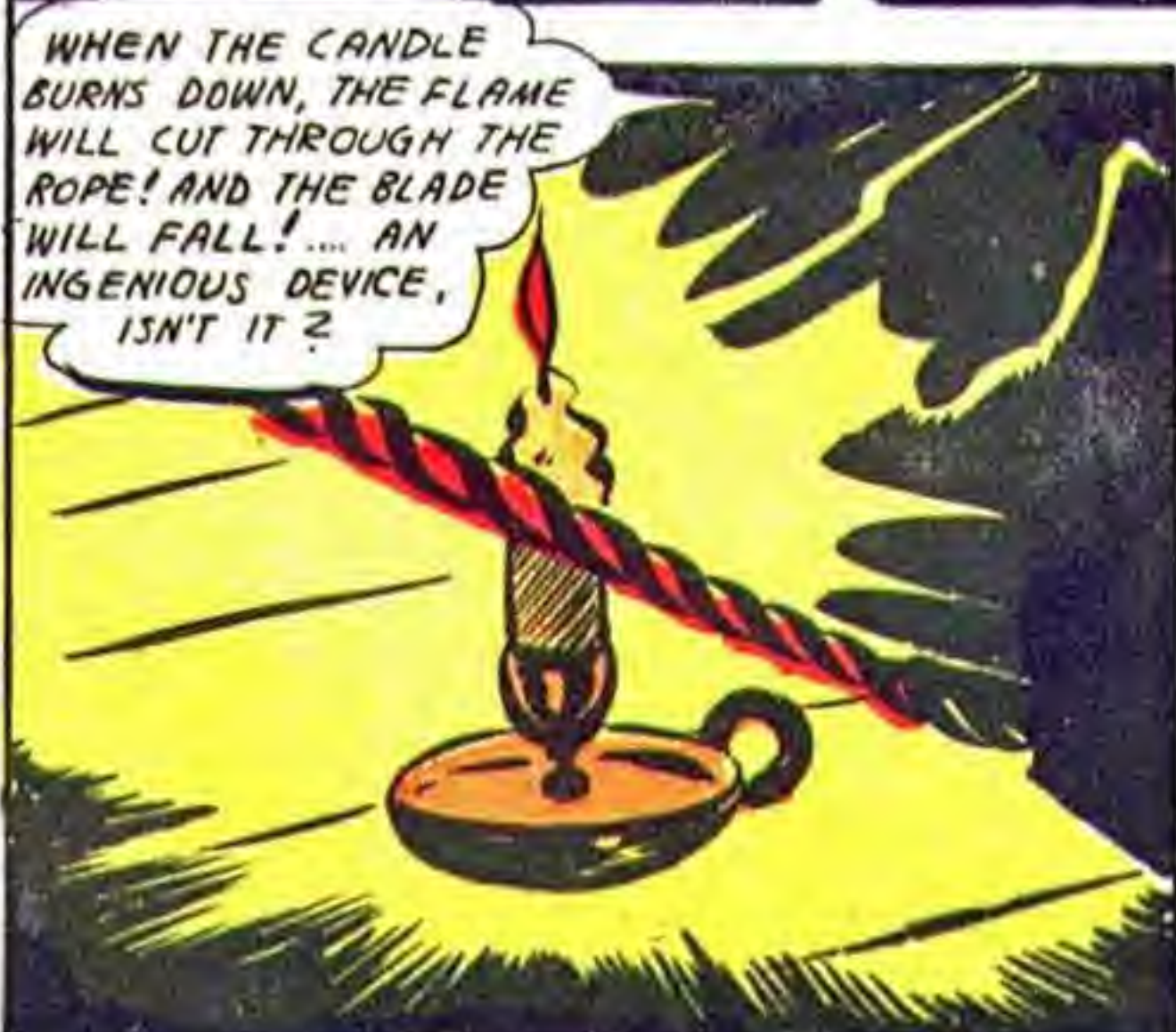


AS A NOBLEMAN, I CANNOT KILL YOU MYSELF! SO I HAVE BEEN FORCED TO MAKE OTHER ARRANGEMENTS!



YOU WILL PAY FOR YOUR CRIMES ... ON THE GUILLOTINE!

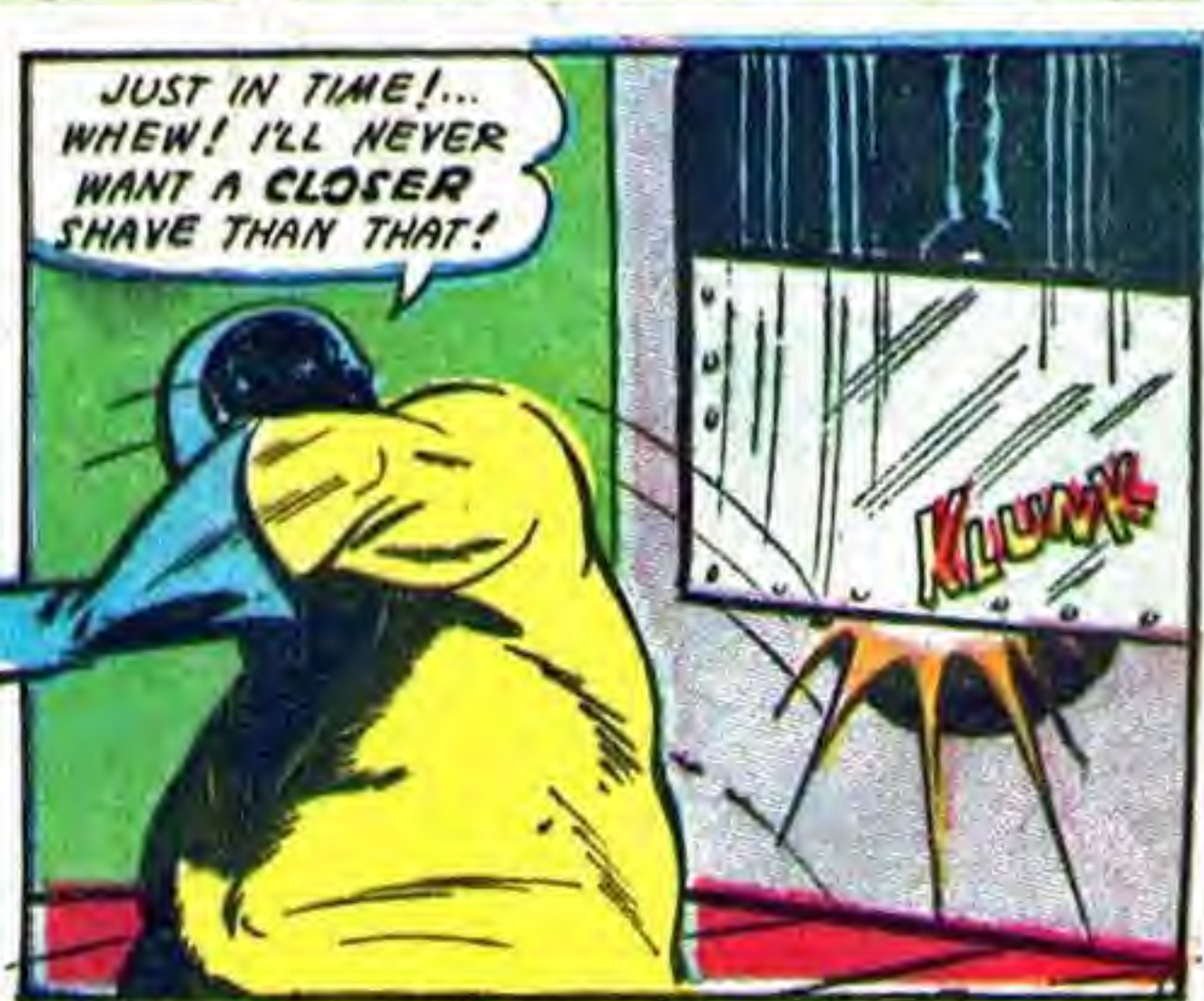
THIS IS THE TRADITIONAL METHOD FOR DISPOSING OF ONE'S ENEMIES! I'M SORRY I CAN'T PROVIDE AN EXECUTIONER...



WHEN THE CANDLE BURNS DOWN, THE FLAME WILL CUT THROUGH THE ROPE! AND THE BLADE WILL FALL! ... AN INGENUOUS DEVICE, ISN'T IT?

NOW MY FELLOW NOBLEMEN AND I HAVE ANOTHER APPOINTMENT! COLLECTING FUNDS FOR THE RELIEF OF MY SUFFERING COUNTRYMEN! I'M SURE YOU WILL EXCUSE US!





THE CRIME BARON SAID HE WAS COLLECTING FUNDS FOR HIS COUNTRYMEN! THE UNITED WAR FUND IS DONATING ITS RELIEF MONEY TONIGHT! THAT'S MORE THAN A COINCIDENCE!



I'VE GOT A BIT OF UNFINISHED BUSINESS WITH THE CRIME BARON!



AT THIS MOMENT, THE CRIME BARON DRINKS A TOAST WITH THE DELEGATES FROM HIS COUNTRY TO THE WAR FUND—

TO OUR HOME-
LAND'S GLORIOUS
FUTURE!

WE'LL
DRINK TO
THAT,
BARON!



WE DIDN'T EXPECT TO MEET YOU, BARON HERVITZ! YOU SEE....

I...I FEEL FUNNY....THAT WINE!....



I DRUGGED THAT WINE GENTLEMEN! YOU WILL SLEEP PLEASANTLY FOR A LITTLE WHILE!



DEFT FINGERS PERFORM A MIRACLE OF MAKEUP—

YOU'RE A GENIUS, BARON!

NO ONE WILL SEE THROUGH THIS DISGUISE!



NOW LET US GO TO THE BANQUET HALL!

I COULDN'T TELL YOU FROM THE REAL THING, BARON!



SO, A SHORT HALF HOUR LATER, THE "DELEGATES" ENTER THE BANQUET HALL-



THE DELEGATION FROM SYLVANIA!

WE ARE PROUD TO DONATE THIS MONEY TO YOUR VALOROUS PEOPLE! I KNOW THAT YOU WILL PUT IT TO GOOD USE!

AH, THANK YOU! I PROMISE YOU MY. ER ...PEOPLE WILL PUT IT TO VERY GOOD USE!



JEEZ! IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM!

NOBODY EVEN SUSPECTED US!

COME ON! BEFORE THEY LEARN THE TRUTH!



JUST BEFORE THE CRIME BARON DEPARTS...

I-I WONDER IF YOU WOULD MIND HAVING THIS DANCE WITH ME!

IT WOULD BE AN HONOR!



I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DANCE WITH A REAL CELEBRITY!

THE CRIME BARON'S GONE CRAZY! WE OUGHTA LAM OUT OF HERE!



DON'T WORRY! NOTHING CAN HAPPEN!

OH, NO? DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?



THE BLACK HOOD!

SORRY, BOYS,
BUT I'M COMING
THROUGH!

Oooooff

I FEAR I HAVE OVERSTAYED
MY LEAVE! FAREWELL, MY
LADY! I WILL NEVER FORGET
THIS DANCE!

YOU WON'T
FORGET THIS
WALLOP
EITHER!

I'LL BET
YOU
WON'T!

WHAT'S
THE MEAN-
ING OF
THIS?

THESE MEN ARE
FRAUDS! THEY
ARE TRYING TO
STEAL THE RELIEF
MONEY BY MASQUER-
ADING AS THE REAL
SYLVANIAN DELEGATION!

NEXT DAY AT PRECINCT 71

THE CRIME BARON IS
SAFELY BEHIND BARS, KIP!
WE WON'T BE HEARING
FROM HIM
ANYMORE!

I WONDER? WE'D NEVER
HAVE CAUGHT HIM IF HE HADN'T
BEEN SUCH A
CHIVALROUS
CUSS!

SAY! YOU'RE RIGHT! NOW
MAYBE IF WE COULD
FIND OUT THE BLACK
HOOD'S WEAKNESS,
WE'D GET HIM BEHIND
BARS TOO!

YOU'VE GOT
SOMETHING
THERE, McGINTY!

END-

12

CRIME IS ALWAYS CARELESS

A BLACK HOOD STORY

by Roger Conway

AS PREYSING, Engineer for the Gottman Construction Works rose to his feet with a shrill scream, convulsively clutching at his throat, Kip Burland set his glass on the small end table beside the couch and sprang nimbly.

He caught Preysing before he'd fallen to the richly colored carpet.

"There's nothing that can be done," he announced after a short examination to the circle of guests who had risen and now stood horrified before the prone body. "He's dead."

Dr. Von Barheim, the prominent dentist, touched Burland on the shoulder as he knelt by the body.

"Heart?"

"I'm not the coroner," replied Kip acidly, "and if you mean simple heart failure, I'd say no."

"Any murder can be called *stoppage of breathing*," replied Von Barheim sarcastically.

"Poor Mr. Preysing," murmured Barbara. She was holding tightly to Mrs. Barlow their hostess who was trembling visibly.

"Why poor?" asked Kip. "As Chief Engineer . . ."

"I don't mean money. He's had so much sickness lately."

The inquest, held a few hours later, established a verdict of suicide, due to the recent background of illness experienced by the corpse.

"Suicides usually don't die without leaving notes," said Kip to Barbara as they left. "It's simply not human nature."

"I can see this isn't the end

of the case," smiled Barbara.

Burland went over Preysing's papers the next day. One fact alone stood out from the others. Preysing had plunged heavily in the buying of industrial diamonds. Kip mused a while on this and whistled sharply as a subsequent fact made its appearance.

The office of Dr. Von Barheim was usually dark after nine o'clock at night as the wealthy doctor had short evening hours. At half past nine a window in the surgery was raised and a stealthy figure, hooded and cloaked emerged into the blackness, walked rapidly to a door connecting the surgery with the study and opened it noiselessly.

Sharp eyes saw Dr. Von Barheim rise from a deep chair, go to a wall safe and open it. Then across the space that separated the hooded figure and the doctor floated a soft chuckle. Von Barheim lifted a large white box from the safe and opened it. He fished around in its interior, lifted out some small objects and looked at them fondly.

"Little weapons of victory. You are small, but soon your voices shall be heard in London, Moscow and New York."

"Good evening, Herr Von Barheim," the tall hidden figure flung back the door and stepped into the study. "For a murderer you have an easy conscience."

"The Black Hood!" gasped the doctor, his eyes narrowed. "Murderer? What do you mean?"

"Not only a murderer," grated the Hood, "but also an

agent of Fascist Germany. An agent sent to secure industrial diamonds for the failing German war industries. You located Preysing, who was of German descent, blackmailed him into buying them for you, then invented a clever means of transporting the diamonds back to Germany. For a dentist it was easy—drilling out teeth, hiding the diamonds in them and sending your agents to Berlin, incalculable wealth in military might concealed in their teeth. Desperate measures, Herr Von Barheim, as desperate as Germany's cause. But Preysing tried to double-cross you. He wanted America to win. You knew he'd been ill for a long time. Suddenly changing your attitude you offered to fix his teeth, knowing that it was necessary to do away with him before he informed the FBI. You packed cyanide in one of his decayed molars and put in a filling loose enough to allow the poison to slowly escape without the filling falling out and thus betraying the method of murder. You thought you were clever, Von Barheim, but you were not clever. You were simply a stupid Nazi and forgot to destroy Preysing's papers. Even now the police are on their way here."

A siren wailed in the street far below.

With incredible swiftness the German whirled, dashed for the nearest window and crashed through it. A terrible scream split the air, then died away.

The Black Hood did not bother to look out the window. A fall of twenty stories will kill any man.

The police verified that.

THE MAN WITH THE CROOKED SMILE

A BLACK HOOD STORY

by GERALD KEAN

A RED-FACED man with a crooked smile crossed the street anxiously, every now and then looking cautiously behind him. But he was too intent upon his purpose to see the swiftly moving shadows behind him, shadows which camouflaged the identity of that nemesis of the night, THE BLACK HOOD. The man with the crooked smile rang the doorbell at Number 17 Hemo Street. After a moment he could hear the footsteps of a heavy person clad in carpet-slippers thumping nearer and nearer. Finally, a squeak as the door was unlatched . . . slowly it swung open.

"I'd like to rent a room," said the man to the fat housekeeper who stood in the doorway. "But it must be on the west side of the house . . . it must!"

"Follow me," was the reply. The woman waddled back into the darkness, her new boarder at her heels.

That night, the man with the crooked smile had visitors. They spoke in hushed whispers as they puffed at their cigarettes in a room thick with curling smoke.

"What's the angle, Smiley?"

The man with the crooked smile crushed the blue smoke out of his butt with a brown-stained thumb.

"We begin tonight, boys. I got everyt'ing we need in my suitcase. De bank vault is right against dis wall here. Inna coupla hours we oughta get right thru

it. Swipe everyt'ing in sight, comment up de wall, and we got a whole week-end to make a get-away. I wanna be outa here by morning. I on'y paid for one night's rent!"

"Always jokin'," said one of the thugs, "what a character!"

Smiley's smile suddenly became a crossed look of warning.

"Shuddup, you mugs, and get busy!"

* * *

At the same moment the Chief of Police leaned his large feet on several steel boxes and surveyed the BLACK HOOD.

"If you're right, Hood, we'll be sitting in on the end of the craftiest safe-slicer in the states. But if you're wrong, it'll mean my job."

"Don't worry, Chief—in ten minutes my prophecy will be an actuality!"

Silently the pair waited, and soon a faint hammering was heard. Gradually the plaster began to chip off the wall, and minutes later the sharp edge of a chisel cut through the wall.

"Come on, mugs, an' hurry up," said Smiley, the first to step through the opening in the wall. Suddenly he froze in his tracks. "De Black Hood! How did he get here?" In the twisting of two seconds Smiley made up his mind and dove through the jagged hole. But the Black Hood was too quick for him. Like a bolt of lightning, the latter's massive body smashed

after the criminal. Inside the room at Number 17, the mobster crouched in fear behind the cool, nerveless Smiley, nerveless because in his hands he held a powerful tommy-gun.

"I don't like visitors who are n't announced," he said icily. "Dat's why I got dis hardware pointed atcher chest."

The Black Hood sprang like an uncoiled cobra at the trigger man. Smiley let him have it. Bullets whizzed out of the gun imbedding themselves in the Black Hood's arms, his chest, his shoulders. But the Hood bit his lip till they bled to keep from collapsing under the pain. With powerful fists he bashed right and left until Smiley and his lieutenants were left whimpering on the floor.

Later, as his wounds were being dressed, reporters crowded round. Never before had they been able to interview the Black Hood. Not had he ever been wounded so severely before. What a story it would make!

"How about giving us the low down, Hood . . . ?"

"The Chief of Police ought to take all the credit," said the Hood modestly. "I just happened to mention to him how extraordinary it was that a well-known criminal like Smiley, with lots of money, preferred to live in the business district next to a bank!"

A grin crossed the Black Hood's face, a grin quite unlike that of the man with the crooked smile.

ROY
and
DUSTY
in

BOY BUDDIES

GEE... YOU CAN'T
SEE A THING IN
THIS BLACKOUT...
OOPS... SORRY
MA'M!

NOBODY CAN
SEE US EITHER..
THAT'LL KEEP US
OUT OF TROUBLE







HOW ARE
YOU, ROY?

I'M OKAY!
JUST STUNNED!



LET'S HAVE
A LOOK IN
HERE!

OH...JOHN!
"SOB" "SOB"
YOU'RE DEAD!
DEAD!



I SUGGEST YOU
LIE DOWN A
BIT MADAM..
I'LL CALL THE
POLICE!

NO..!SOB<
I WANT TO
BE NEAR
JOHN!



MURDER!
MIGHT AS WELL
SEE WHAT WE
CAN DO BEFORE
THE POLICE
COME!



W-WHO
ARE YOU?



DON'T BE ALARMED
MA'M.. WE'RE HERE
TO HELP YOU.. JUST
TELL US EVERYTHING
YOU KNOW!



MY HUSBAND WAS ON
ON HIS WAY TO WASHINGTON
WITH SECRET WAR PLANS.. HE
HAD STEPPED IN HERE FOR
HIS COAT.. AND WHEN HE
DIDN'T COME OUT.. I
LOOKED IN AND SAW
HIM.. "SOB" ... LIKE
THIS... "SOB"!





WAS THERE ANYONE IN THIS HOUSE, BESIDES THE BUTLER, BEFORE THIS HAPPENED?

WELL... THERE WAS AN OLD FRIEND OF MY HUSBAND.. PROF WOLF.. BUT HE WOULD NEVER DO A THING LIKE THIS.. THEY WERE CHILDHOOD FRIENDS! H..HE LEFT EARLY TO AVOID THE BLACKOUT!



HOW ABOUT YOU? WHERE WERE YOU AT THE TIME OF THE MURDER?

M-ME? WHY I WAS IN MY ROOM GETTING READY FOR THE BLACKOUT!



HOW DO WE KNOW YOU'RE TELLING THE TRUTH?

WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO QUESTION ME? YOU'RE ONLY KIDS!



THE SIRENS HERALD THE END OF THE BLACKOUT...

DON'T WORRY MA'M WE'LL FIND YOUR HUSBAND'S MURDERER!



I LOOKED AT THE DEAD MAN'S WATCH.. IT STOPPED AT 8 O'CLOCK.. RIGHT BEFORE THE BLACKOUT

LET'S SEE WHAT PROF WOLF HAS TO SAY!



THAT'S HIS PLACE ACROSS THE STREET!

SAY.. THIS HOUSE LOOKS FAMILIAR FOR SOME REASON!



ROOM 402 THIS IS IT!



H..HELLO! WHO'S THERE?

DON'T BE ALARMED.. PROF WOLF!

I WOULD JUST LIKE TO KNOW WHERE YOU WERE AT THE TIME OF JOHN STARK'S MURDER!

MURDERED! JOHN DEAD!

HE WAS KILLED AT 8 O'CLOCK! YOU WERE AN OLD FRIEND OF HIS WEREN'T YOU?



JOHN MURDERED! HOW HORRIBLE! WHO DID IT?



I'LL HELP IN ANY WAY I CAN TO BRING THE FIEND TO JUSTICE! JOHN WAS MY FRIEND AND COLLEAGUE, SINCE OUR COLLEGE DAYS!



WELL WHOEVER DID THE KILLING DIDN'T ENTIRELY GET WHAT HE WAS AFTER, PROF. THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF THE PLANS IS STILL IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. STARK!



LATER AT THEIR APARTMENT...

WE SEEM TO BE UP AGAINST A STONE WALL... WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

SAY! HOW ABOUT GETTING IN TOUCH WITH THE SHIELD? HE COULD CHECK ON THE BUTLER AND THE PROF. FOR US!



GOOD IDEA, ROY! HELLO SHIELD.. WE'VE GOT A CASE HERE AND WE'D LIKE SOME INFORMATION ON THESE FELLOWS... YEH.. SOON AS POSSIBLE!!



LATER

THAT'S THE SHIELD!

RING



YEH.. I GOT IT.. THAT'S IT.. RIGHT.. ALL DOWN.. THANKS S'LONG!



TAKE A LOOK AT THIS.. DUSTY!

Charles Schmidt.. Butler. Former Amateur Boxer. Son of Naturalized German Parents.. No Bond Connections. Good references from N.Y. Employment Agency. Prof. Wolf.. Studied at Oxford. Has received Nobel Prize for invention of secret gun, with fellow associate John Stark.. Just heard, was com- plotting further tests...

STUDIED AT OXFORD, EH. BUT MRS. STARK TOLD ME HER HUSBAND WENT TO YALE!



AND THE PROF. TOLD US THEY WERE CLASSMATES. REMEMBER?

RIGHT! WE'LL SEE WHO'S LYING, SOON!



THERE HE IS AT THE WINDOW!



PROF. WOLF!
HOLY SMOKE!
THIS GUY'S
DEAD!

YES! HE'S BEEN
DEAD FOR SOME
TIME! YOU WOULD
HAVE SEEN HIM,
IN FACT, HAD YOU
LOOKED INTO
THE CLOSET BEFORE!

AM I SEEING
THINGS?
TWINS?...
WHO ARE
YOU?



I GET IT! YOU KILLED THE
PROF. DISGUISED YOURSELF
AS HIM, AND TRIED TO WORM
THE PLANS OUT OF STARK.

PRECISELY! BUT THE FOOL
WAS STUBBORN. I HAD TO
KILL HIM TOO... AS I SHALL
YOU TWO. FIRST THIS TEAR
GAS!

LATER



AS SOON AS I GET
THE REST OF THE
PLANS, I SHALL
RETURN TO FINISH
YOU OFF. AUF
WIEDERSEHEN!



THAT RAT ISN'T AS
CLEVER AS HE THINKS!
WE'LL GET OUT OF
HERE A LOT QUICKER
THAN HE FIGURED ON!

I SEE THE
SAME THING
YOU'RE LOOKING
AT, ROY!



FIRST GET
THIS POKER
RED HOT!



AND THE REST
IS OBVIOUS!



WE'VE GOT TO
GET TO THE HOUSE
BEFORE HE DOES
ANY HARM!



C'MON DOGS!
GIDDAP!



THE MASQUERADE
IS OVER MRS. STARK..
I KILLED YOUR HUS-
BAND.. NOW GIVE ME
THE OTHER HALF OF
THE PLANS I TOOK!



YOU TWO GET
IN MY HAIR!

BAM

SOCK



ARE YOU SURE
THE HAIR IS YOURS?
HANS BORCHARDT!



HANS BORCHARDT?
SAY, WHO ARE
YOU, MR.
BUTLER?

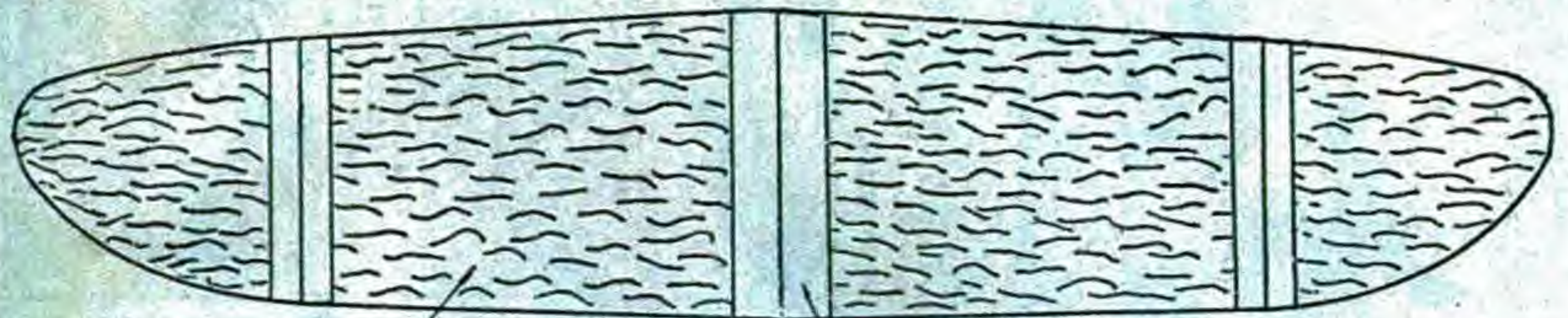


I'M JOE JONES.. SECRET
GOVT. OPERATIVE, IMPERSONATING
THE REAL BUTLER.. I'VE
BEEN WATCHING THIS PHONY!
HE'S A NAZI SPY.. KILLED THE
REAL PROF. WOLF! HE ALMOST
SLIPPED THROUGH MY HANDS.
BUT THANKS TO YOU LADS,
HIS SPYING DAYS ARE OVER!



WELL, I GUESS IT'S
TIME FOR US TO LEAVE,
ROY!

WHATEVER
HAPPENED TO
THAT PICTURE
WE WERE GOING
TO SEE!



RUDDER

FUSELAGE

WING SECTION

STAB SECTION



INSTRUCTIONS

THE WING IS MADE OF SOFT $\frac{3}{32}$ " Balsa. TRACE THE OUTLINE FROM THE PLANS, SAND EACH PANEL TO AN ACCURATE RIB SECTION, COAT THE BUTT ENDS WITH CEMENT AND ALLOW TO DRY. THE POLYHEDRAL CAN BE MOST EASILY CONSTRUCTED IF EACH JOINT IS DONE INDEPENDENTLY.

AFTER EACH PANEL IS CEMENTED TO THE ADJACENT ONE, FOUR ADDITIONAL COATS OF CEMENT ARE APPLIED WITH THE BRUSH! SILK IS THEN GLUED OVER EACH JOINT, INSURING STRENGTH AS SHOWN ON THE PLANS. BRUSHING THE CEMENT ON FORMS A SMOOTHER SKIN. FOR A SLICK FINISH, APPLY FOUR COATS OF CLEAR DOPE, SANDING AFTER EACH IS DRY, WITH SMOOTH SANDPAPER.

WARP IN A SLIGHT WASH-IN ON THE RIGHT WING, (INCREASE OF ANGLE OF ATTACK NEAR TIP) AND SLIGHT WASH-OUT ON LEFT WING. THE RIGHT WING IS SEEN IN LOOKING FORWARD TOWARD THE NOSE OF THE SHIP FROM THE REAR.

THE STABILIZER IS CUT FROM $\frac{1}{8}$ " SHEET AND FINISHED IN THE SAME MANNER AS THE WING AFTER THE VERY THIN AIRFOIL IS OBTAINED. USING $\frac{1}{8}$ " FLAT FOLLOW SAME PROCEDURE IN MAKING THE RUDDER AS WAS USED IN MAKING THE STABILIZER. THE FUSELAGE IS MADE FROM $\frac{1}{8}$ " FLAT PINE. SHAPE FUSELAGE AS SHOWN ON THE PLANS AND SAND TO FAMILIAR CROSS SECTIONS. NOTE THE SLOT IN THE FUSELAGE TO HOUSE THE WING. SAND THE FUSELAGE WELL AND REPEAT THE FINISHING PROCEDURE.

CEMENT WING AND STABILIZER TO THE FUSELAGE AS SHOWN ON THE PLANS. CHECK PERFECT ALIGNMENT! CEMENT THE RUDDER IN PLACE AND SET IT FOR A SLIGHT RIGHT TURN. THE WASH-IN OF THE RIGHT WING WILL PREVENT THE SHIP FROM BANKING TOO STEEPLY. APPLY FOUR COATS OF CEMENT OVER THE WING-FUSELAGE JOINT.

THE GLIDER IS THROWN INTO A SLIGHT RIGHT BANK AND GLIDES TO THE RIGHT. PULL OUT IS AUTOMATIC AND BECAUSE BOTH CLIMB AND GLIDE IS TO THE RIGHT NO ALTITUDE IS LOST. IN TESTING THE GLIDER, MAKE A FEW HORIZONTAL THROWS, GRADUALLY INCREASING THE SPEED. THROW YOUR SHIP INTO THE WIND AND START RUNNING DOWNWIND.

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HELLO, FOLKS!
I'M POGO THE
CLOWN!



IN
**POGO'S
LAST TRICK**

I'VE JUST
FIGURED
OUT A NEW
TRICK TO
AMUSE
YOU!

IT'S A VERY,
VERY FUNNY
TRICK!

SO FUNNY,
IN FACT
IT KILLED
ME!

By CLOTH

OUR STORY OPENS IN ONE OF THE DRESSING ROOMS OF THE CIRCUS VISITING NORTHVILLE...



YEAR, KID! STABBED IN THE BACK!

HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT, MCGINTY!



YOU'RE THE OWNER OF THIS CIRCUS. KNOW ANYBODY WHO DIDN'T LIKE POGO?

WELL, I HATE TO SAY THIS SERGEANT!



- BUT THAT KNIFE BELONGS TO STILETTO, OUR KNIFE-THROWING ARTIST!



STILETTO HATED POGO - AND MADE NO BONES ABOUT IT! IN FACT JUST TONIGHT, POGO NEARLY RUINED STILETTO'S ACT BY ACCIDENT!



"POGO CAME BOUNCING OUT ON HIS POGO STICK IN HIS USUAL ACT!"



... THEN HE BOUNCED OVER THE ELEPHANT LIKE HE ALWAYS DOES

HOORAY FOR POGO



"... AND HEADED FOR THE TANK WHENEVER HE LANDED IN THE WATER, HE ALWAYS BROUGHT THE HOUSE DOWN"

"BUT HE MUST HAVE MISJUDGED THIS TIME. HE SAILED RIGHT OVER THE TANK."



"... AND SLAMMED INTO STILETTO, WHO WAS DOING HIS KNIFE THROWING ACT JUST THEN."



"... STILETTO WENT NUTS AND KAYOED POGO."



"THE CROWD THOUGHT IT WAS A NEW ACT AND WENT WILD."



BUT I STILL CAN'T SEE WHY STILETTO'D WANT TO DO SOMETHING LIKE THIS?



AND YOU SAY YOU HAD TO BREAK THE LOCK TO GET IN HERE, MR. LUKE?

YEAH! IT WUZ LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE!



THAT TRANSOM IS THE ONLY OPENING IN THIS ROOM, SARGE!

THAT MEANS THE KNIFE HAD TO COME THROUGH THERE!







NOW, I'LL
JUST SPRINKLE
SOME FINGER-
PRINT POWDER
ON THE KNIFE...



THEY'RE THE
SAME, SARGE,
AND NO OTHER
PRINTS ON IT!

THAT CLINCHES IT!
STILETTO, I ARREST
YOU FOR THE MURDER
OF POGO THE
CLOWN!



SAY, I JUST NOTICED
SOMETHING ELSE,
SARGE!



YOU'RE NOT
HANGING THIS
RAP ON ME!

HEY, PUT
THAT KNIFE
DOWN!



SNAP



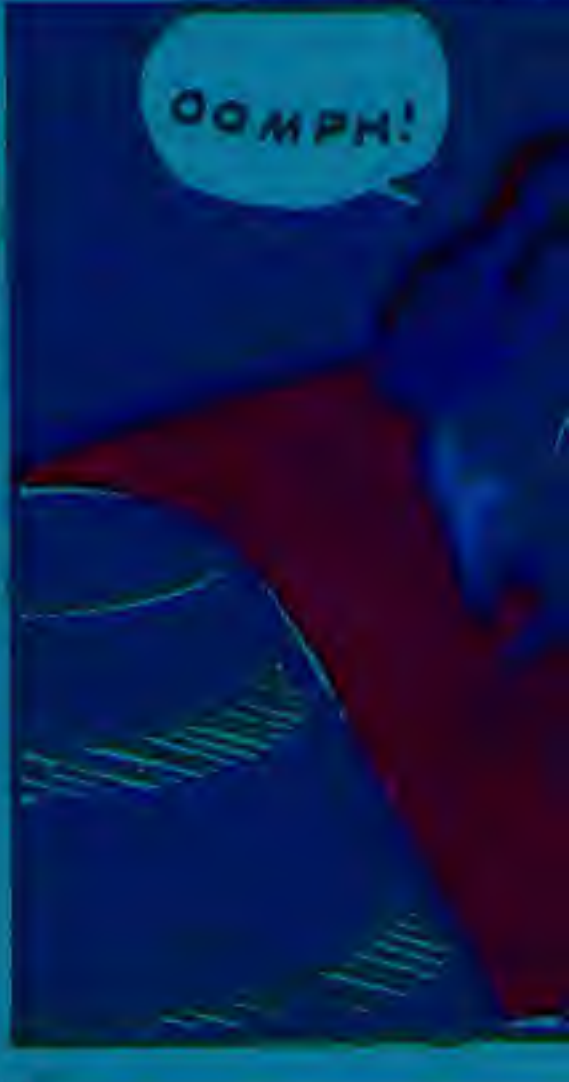
OH! HE CUT MY
SUSPENDERS.
GET 'IM, MEN!

STILETTO!
STOP!



MONAHAN! YOU
TAKE THAT SIDE!
I'LL LOOK FOR
HIM HERE!

RIGHT,
BURLAND! HE
CAN'T HAVE
GOTTEN VERY
FAR!







NOW TO GET
BACK INTO MY
COP'S UNIFORM
AND GET HIM
BACK TO MCGINTY!



GREAT BALLS
OF FIRE! THE
LION'S BROKEN
OUT OF ITS
CAGE!

ROAR

SNARLING WITH PAIN AND FURY BECAUSE OF
THE KNIFE IN HIS PAW, THE LION HURTLES AT THE
HOOD-A ROARING AVALANCHE OF DESTRU-
TION!



UGH.. CAN'T
HOLD HIM OFF..
MUCH... LONGER!



WHEW! YOU
SAVED MY SKIN
THAT TIME,
STILETTO!

YES! I'M A FOOL,
I SUPPOSE! BUT...
BUT... I'M THROUGH
RUNNING AWAY.
I'M GOING TO GIVE
MYSELF UP!

YOU NEVER DID A SMARTER
THING IN YOUR LIFE, STILETTO.
PATROLMAN KIP BURLAND
HAS QUITE A SURPRISE FOR
YOU AND
SERGEANT
MCGINTY!

OH, OH, HERE
COMES MONAHAN!
TIME FOR THE
HOOD TO RETIRE!



A SHORT WHILE LATER

OH THERE
YE ARE, KIP!
MONAHAN
'CAUGHT THE
KILLER!

YOU MEAN
HE CAUGHT
STILETTO DON'T
YOU SARGE!



THAT'S WHAT
I SAID- **STILETTO**,
THE MURDERER!

I'M AFRAID I'LL
HAVE TO SHATTER
YOUR BEAUTIFUL
OPEN AND SHUT
CASE, SARGE...



...BUT **STILETTO** DID NOT
KILL **POGO**, THE CLOWN!

WHAT!



THAT'S RIGHT!
I WAS ABOUT TO
TELL YOU WHAT I'D
DISCOVERED WHEN
STILETTO MADE
A BREAK!



IF YOU'LL
FETCH ME A
DUMMY, MR. LUKE,
I'LL SHOW YOU
WHO KILLED **POGO**!

SURE, PATROLMAN
BURLAND! BUT I
DON'T SEE WHO
ELSE COULDA
DONE IT!



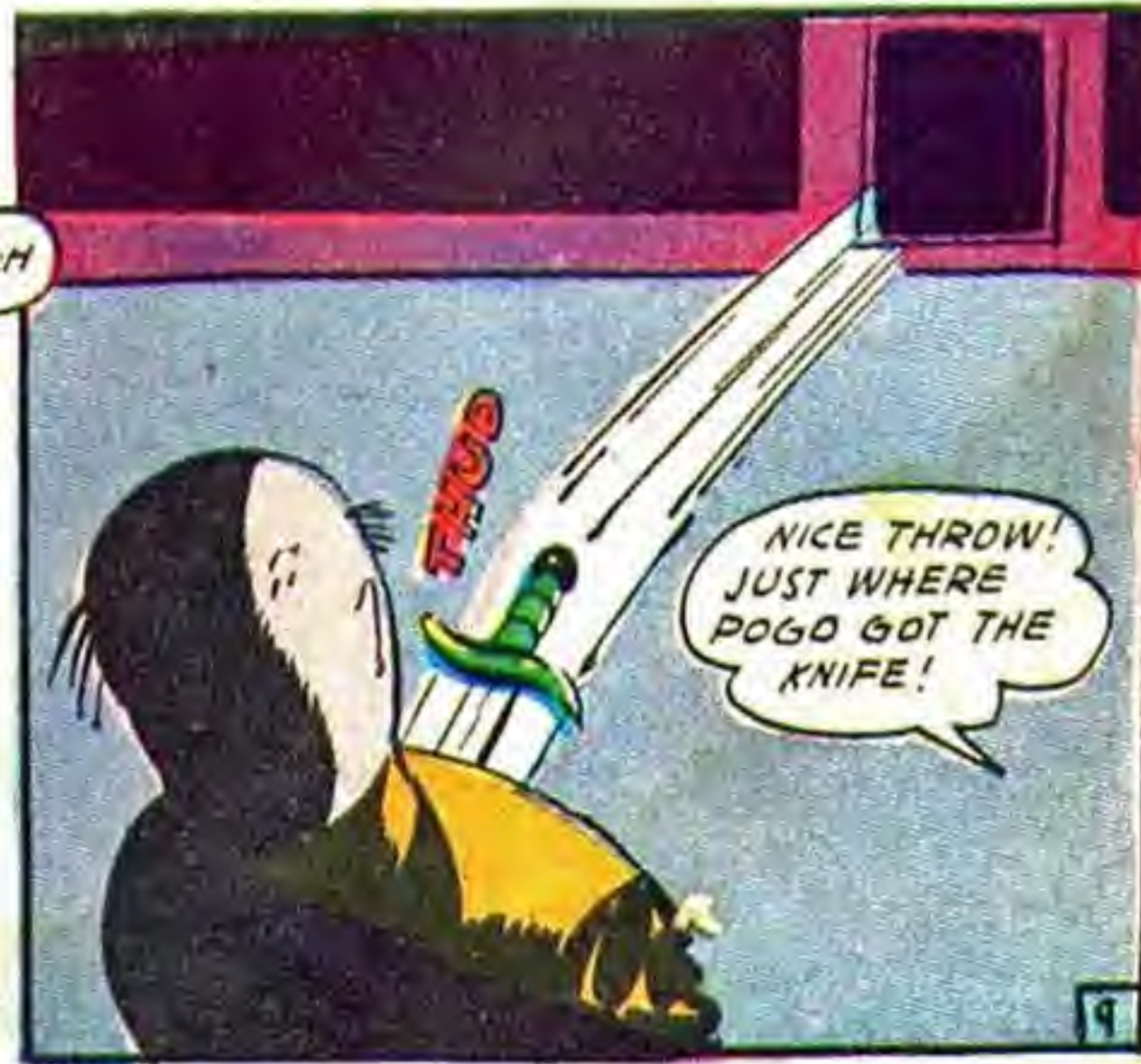
KIP! WHAT
KINDA HORSE
PLAY IS THIS?

YOU'LL SEE,
SARGE. FIRST I'LL
PUT THIS DUMMY
WHERE **POGO**
MUST HAVE STOOD
BEFORE HE
DIED!

NEXT, I WANT
STILETTO TO GO
INTO THE NEXT
ROOM AND THROW
THE KNIFE THROUGH
THE TRANSOM!



NICE THROW!
JUST WHERE
POGO GOT THE
KNIFE!



BUT NOTICE THAT THE KNIFE ENTERS THE BACK **SLANTING DOWNWARD** WHEN FLUNG THROUGH THE TRANSOM!

YET THE KNIFE ENTERED POGO'S BACK IN A **STRAIGHT LINE**-AN OBVIOUS IMPOSSIBILITY IF STILETTO THREW IT THROUGH THE TRANSOM!

THERE'S THE NOTCH HE CUT INTO THE WALL TO HOLD THE KNIFE IN PLACE WHILE HE FELL AGAINST IT!

I ALSO DISCOVERED THAT POGO HATED STILETTO BECAUSE THEY WERE BOTH IN LOVE WITH THE SAME WOMAN!

BUT WHO DID KILL POGO, THEN? IT WUZ STILETTO'S KNIFE, AND...

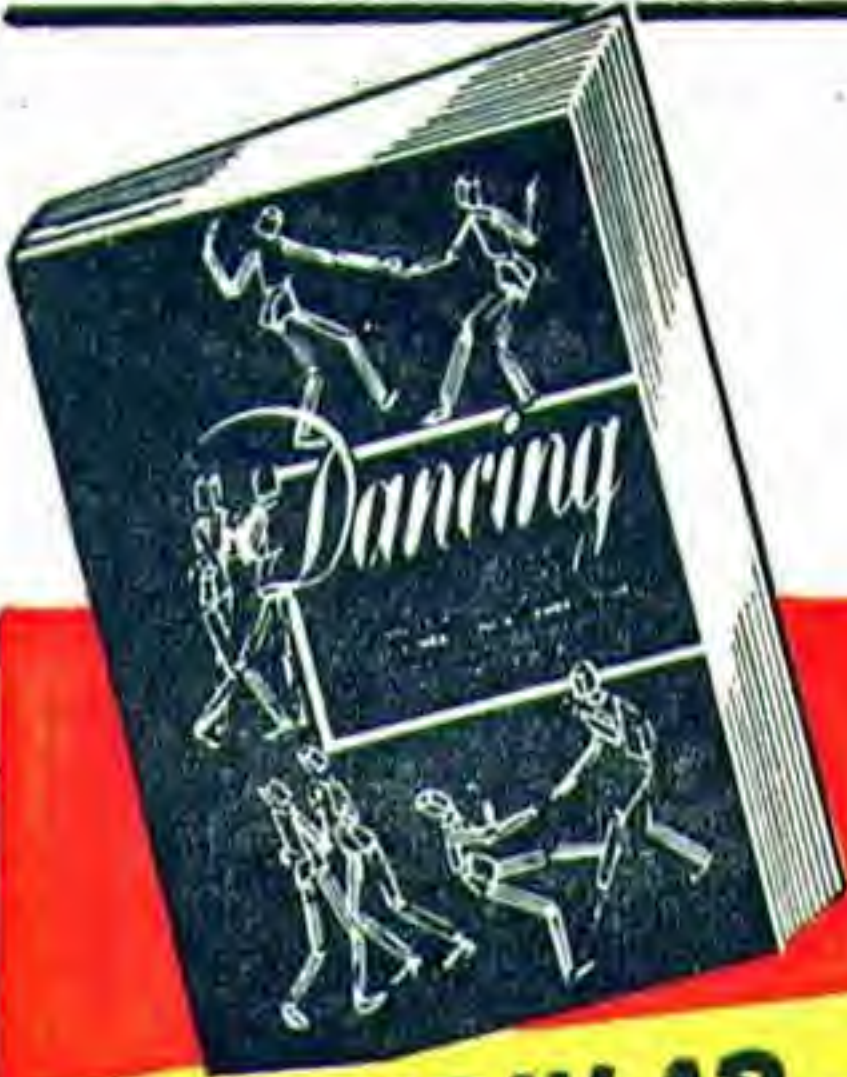
SURE! THE KNIFE POGO STOLE WHEN HE "ACCIDENTALLY" FELL ON STILETTO DURING HIS ACT... **POGO KILLED HIMSELF, SARGE!**

POGO LIVED LIKE A CLOWN-AND DECIDED TO DIE LIKE ONE. HE FIGURED ON TAKING HIS **HATED RIVAL** WITH HIM IN HIS OWN INIMITABLE WAY- AND **ALMOST DID!**

HELLO, FOLKS! HERE I AM AGAIN- YOUR OLD FRIEND **POGO!**

CAN'T HANG AROUND ANY LONGER. I'M QUITE DEAD YOU KNOW!

GUESS THE **LAST LAUGH** WAS ON ME AFTER ALL! SO LONG EVERYBODY!



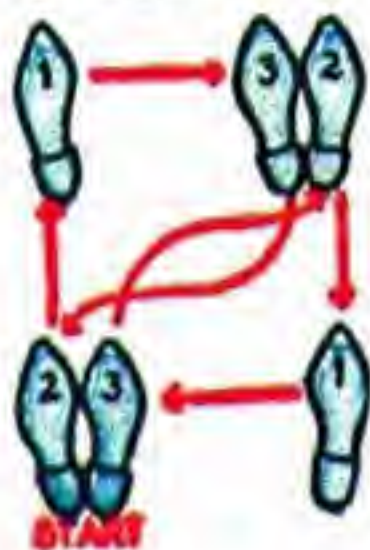
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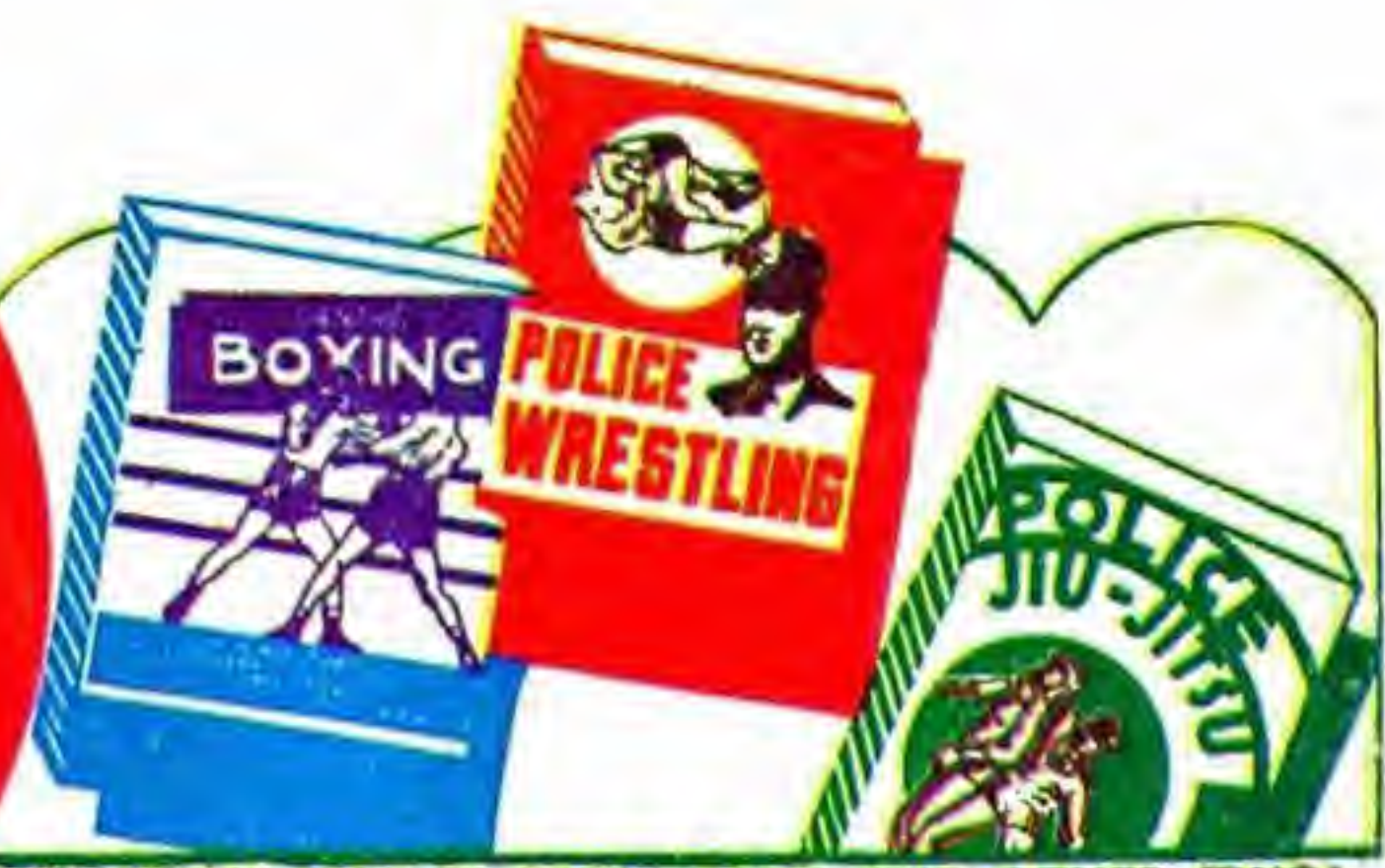
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